

ST. MARK CHURCH NEWS.

By A. J. Nimrod.

When Rev. John W. Robinson, pastor of St. Mark M. E. church at 50th street and Wabash avenue announces the new church ready for dedication on Sunday, March 14th, one of the greatest pieces of work ever undertaken by any pastor of Methodism in this city will have been accomplished.

Possessed with what seems an inexhaustible supply of energy, the pastor and congregation are working and praying to accomplish this worthy task. St. Mark worshippers are enjoying most splendid sermons every Sunday morning and evening as evidenced by the large crowds.

Selecting his text from the 107th Psalm, 28th verse, "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses," the pastor urged the necessity of fervent prayer and cautioned his hearers to guard against the neglect of prayer.

Two ladies united with the church at the close of the day's services.

The Rev. J. Bernheim, "a converted Jew," addressed the Lyceum at 4:30 p. m. and also preached a splendid sermon at the evening service.

The City Federation of Women's Clubs will render a program for St. Mark Lyceum Sunday, February 14th. All are cordially invited. Opening hour 4:30 p. m.

Miss Lucile Beatrice Robinson has recovered from her illness to the delight of her many friends, and has resumed her studies at Wendell Phillips High School.



MISS BETTIOLA FORSTON

The new poetess of the Afro-American race in the middle west, this week forged to the front and she now occupies second place in the popularity contest.

CHIPS

Dr. D. E. Burrows, 3221 S. State St., without the least doubt about it is one of the most popular M. D.'s on the south side, for each and every day his office is filled with patients, which is an evidence of his popularity and medical skill.

Sir Knight S. W. Green of New Orleans, La., supreme chancellor of the Knights of Pythias throughout the world, still desires to be counted among the many subscribers to The Broad Ax.

Miss Stella E. McCoy, niece of Mrs. Irene McCoy-Gaines, 6155 Wentworth avenue, has become one of the new and active contestants in the popularity contest now drawing to a close in this paper.

Charles A. Griffin, independent republican candidate for the nomination of alderman from the second ward, this week opened his aldermanic headquarters at 3313 S. State street. L. W. Washington will be his campaign manager.

Mrs. Grant Gardner of Muskegon, Mich., who has greatly enjoyed the winter weather in that part of Michigan and who was up until several years ago quite prominent in secret society circles in this city, is still numbered among the steadfast supporters of this paper.

Miss Maude J. Roberts, the noted soprano song bird, assisted by C. Cecil Cohen, pianist, will give a recital Thursday evening, February 4th, at 8:15 p. m. at the Abraham Lincoln Center, N. E. corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Miss Roberts will render selections in English, French and Italian. See ad in another column of this paper.

Miss Pauline D. Owens of Mounds, Ill., spent a few days in this city this week as the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. J. Meaham, 3414 Calumet avenue. While in this city she has attended several meetings of the Endowment Board of the Knights of Pythias of which she is the head and the front. She returned to her home yesterday morning. Miss Owens is in the popularity contest and she has secured a number of new subscribers for this paper.

CHIPS.

February 14th at the Star Literary Club of Ebenezer Baptist church, 4 p. m., you will hear one of the most interesting subjects ever discussed, True and False Leadership, by L. W. Washington.

Captain Louis B. Anderson who states that he is the people's candidate for alderman of the second ward, will not open up headquarters along on State street. Some of the boys or his followers were hoping that he would do so and provide them with a good warm place to lounge in these cold winter days and lay in a large stock of pig ankles and other good things for them to feast on.

Handy Quotation Marks.
Judge Bodkin's book of reminiscences contains a description of one of the editors under whom he served, John B. Gallagher, who is said never to have read a book in his life. It was he, says the Dublin General Advertiser, who revised the reporter's copy and mercilessly mutilated the manuscript.

He had one curious delusion. He fancied that inverted commas were a protection against a libel action, and, stranger still, an excuse for any eccentricities of style. On one occasion Mr. Bodkin in describing a theatrical performance wrote that it was "exquisitely amusing." "Old G." cocked his head critically on one side. "I don't like that word 'exquisitely,'" he said. "All right, sir," I answered, "I'll strike it out."

"No, no; it's a good enough word, but it's a little unusual there. Tell you what, we'll quote it."

"Quote it from what?" I asked in amazement. "Oh, it does not matter. Just simply quote it." Next morning the Freeman's Journal duly reported that the performance was "exquisitely" amusing.

The Venice of Borneo.
Brunel, Borneo, is one of the strangest cities in the world. Once the headquarters of the Borneo pirates, it is a kind of eastern Venice, being built entirely over the water. This remarkable city is the capital of the state of Brunel, Borneo. All the houses are built over the Limbang river, constructed on slender piles made from the Nibong palm, a wood that resists the action of water for many years. The inhabitants of Brunel are Malays, Kadayans, Orang-Buskits and a few Muruts. They earn their living mostly by trading with other tribes in the interior of Sarawak and British North Borneo. Some of them are very skillful brass workers, and the Brunel women make beautiful cloth, interwoven and embroidered with gold thread. Sago is grown in the valleys near by, and a small quantity of rice is also raised. In the early part of the nineteenth century Brunel was the rendezvous of the dread Borneo pirates and a market for the slave trade.—Wide World Magazine.

Interplanetary Gases.
According to the Scientific American, some of the striking changes that take place in certain comets in their passage through space may be explained by their encountering stray masses of gas. If it is true that such masses of gas exist comets would be more than likely to encounter them, for the inclinations and the extents of their orbits make them especially good explorers. The planets move in a narrow zone very near the plane of the ecliptic, whereas the inclination of the cometary orbits is sometimes considerable; for the periodic comets it varies from 3 to 162 degrees. Consequently comets attain regions of the solar system that no other bodies penetrate. These gaseous masses, if indeed they exist, are of varying chemical composition and may be considered as fragments of the initial nebula that escaped the combustion from which the members of the solar system arose.

Death by Freezing.
It is not clearly understood how severe cold causes death, remarks the Journal of the American Medical Association. A variety of causes have been assumed to be at work—accumulation of carbonic acid, paralysis of the vasomotor centers, loss of heat, accumulation of blood in the heart, anemia of the brain, destruction of red corpuscles—all of which tends to show that we really do not know anything definite as to the precise cause.

The signs of death caused by exposure to cold are also poorly understood. This is especially unfortunate in view of the fact that in all northern countries cases of death from freezing frequently present themselves for investigation.

Long Sermons.
Long sermons were the rule in the time of the Rev. Thomas Boston, who is on record as having preached one sermon arranged under eighty-six heads and four others of hardly less generous proportions. Such pulpit performances as these brought out the necessity for the long poles with which the old time wardens gave slumbering members of flocks awakening taps on nodding heads.

Unique.
Dotting Mother—Our Willie's teacher has paid him a high compliment. Sympathetic Friend—How was that? Dotting Mother—Why, she wrote me that Willie's spelling was quite remarkable and that she had never known of anything quite like it.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

GARZA PUT AT HEAD OF TROUBLED MEXICO

President Does Not Recline Upon a Bed of Roses.

The new provisional president of Mexico, General Roque Gonzales Garza, is enjoying no softer bed of roses than did his predecessor, General Eulacio Gutierrez, who practically threw up the job and fled from Mexico city to head a new revolt. Gutierrez, according to his own account, was obliged to flee from the capital. He had sought aid from the Carranza forces to help him resist the control that Villa and Zapata had established over every branch of the government, making Gutierrez a mere figurehead.

The political situation in Mexico changes with kaleidoscopic swiftness and has been complicated by the reported intention of General Villa to establish an independent republic in northern Mexico. There are at present three governments in Mexico, all pretending to be legitimate, and opposing them are three separate revolutionary movements.



GENERAL ROQUE GONZALES GARZA.

Martial law has been proclaimed in Mexico City by General Garza, who evidently believes in stringent measures. The new provisional president first came into prominence with the forces of Madero in the movement that drove Diaz to exile. He held the title of major under Madero and has since been actively concerned in every phase of the prolonged civil warfare in Mexico.

Garza is about thirty-six years old, a graduate of the law school in Mexico City and has been practicing law for years. His brother, Federico Gonzales Garza, was for several months governor of the federal district under Madero. Roque and his brother joined Villa soon after Huerta came into power.

After President Madero was murdered General Garza made a scathing speech against Huerta and Felix Diaz in congress and afterward was in such imminent danger that a large escort of personal friends took him to the border. Thence he went to Washington, where he remained for a time, and then returned to Mexico.

WARTIME DELICACIES.

Trained Army Nurses Make Dainty Dishes For the Invalid Soldiers.

The life of a soldier even during the present terrible war is not without its mitigations, and one of the great blessings of wartime is the nurse. She is indeed the angel of the troubled pool.



Photo by American Press Association.

ENGLISH NURSES MAKING A PLUM PUDDING.

The soldier who is wounded or otherwise invalided is well taken care of, and many dainty dishes are prepared by the trained army nurses for his benefit. The illustration shows some English nurses making a plum pudding for invalided English soldiers, who will thus have home remembrances brought to them by a much appreciated home dish, one that every Englishman regards as one of the comforts of home.

Enchanted Gardens.
It has always seemed to me that no child had been quite fairly treated who had not lived with the fairies in an enchanted garden. There must be walls about such a garden to hold in memories and tall trees for mystery and much fragrance—and shadows—and the child must sometimes play alone that his delicate joy may not be marred. What peace this garden will bring in the old, dry years to come; what ineffable tears, what longings! Pierre Loti found his first touch of romance in a sweet French garden where there were friendly old aunts, much color, perfume and long, idle, still days.

I remember a wonderful haunted wood in Holland which rested at the edge of a queen's garden and was all a soft, translucent green. The trees met overhead and sent down pale green shade, and the little stream that moved so slowly through the woods was like a narrow strip of jade. Even the air was green and heavy with stories, and I knew that there were fairies everywhere, hiding under the leaves, peering at me from the thick fern beds and sailing silver boats down the jade river. —Clara T. MacChesney in Craftsman.

Umbrella Morals.
"Not long ago at a tea," said a man who frequents such decadent diversions, "somebody walked off with a new umbrella of mine. What I got in return was not fit for publication."

"I spoke to the host about it—the tea was at a bachelor apartment—and he gave me a list of all those present, with their addresses, about twenty-five persons, suggesting that I write and ask who had a new umbrella in place of an old one."

"I took it with some degree of hope, which he at once crushed by telling me that on one occasion he had lost a new silk hat at a social function and the hostess had given him a list of sixty-four men who had been among those present. He wrote to the entire lot and received four replies in the negative. The others simply ignored his notes of inquiry."

"Thereupon I concluded to let somebody have my new umbrella. But stealing's stealing just the same, in my opinion."—New York Sun.

Freiburg Often Attacked.
During the eight centuries of its existence Freiburg, the ancient cathedral city in Baden, has again and again suffered almost every possible kind of attack. In the wall above the door of the Loretto chapel there is embedded an iron cannon ball which nearly took the life of Louis XV. when he assaulted the city. But the most interesting memorial of an attempt to get Freiburg is the picture on the Schwalben Thor of a peasant with a cart. It commemorates the Freiburgers' habit of jesting at the Swabian peasants. One of them, the tale ran, decided to buy Freiburg and brought two sacks of gold and asked, "Was kostet die Stadt?" ("What does this bit of town cost?") When opened the sacks were found to contain only sand, which the peasant's wife had prudently substituted for fear of accidents.—London Mail.

China's Procession Would Be Endless.
The population of China has never been exactly ascertained. The latest census, taken some years ago, is said to yield a total of 410,000,000. Perhaps 800,000,000 would be a more nearly correct estimate; even that would absorb no less than one-fifth of the human race. From this total it is easy to estimate that if the Chinese people were to march past a given point in single file the procession would never end. Long before the last of the 300,000,000 had passed by a new generation would have sprung up to continue the endless line.—From "Civilization of China," by H. A. Giles.

Crape on the Door.
The custom of placing crape on the door of a house where there has been a recent death had its origin in the ancient English heraldic customs and dates back to the year 1100 A. D. At that period hatchments, or armorial ensigns, were placed in front of houses when the nobility or gentry died. The hatchments were of diamond shape and contained the family arms quartered and covered with sable.

Reasonable.
The Boss—Take that suit at \$10, and I'm losing money. Customer—Well, I'll take it; but how much are you losing? The Boss—Well, I'll tell you. I paid \$5 for it and have had to store it, brush it, insure it and advertise it for ten years. Figure it out for yourself.—New York Globe.

Made Over.
"I'm all out of kilter," declared the typewriter man. "My arm feels loose, my back seems twisted, and my left leg is shaky. What would you advise?" "I think I'd get myself rebuilt," suggested the automobile manufacturer.—Kansas City Journal.

Attire to Suit.
"The cashier and his bride were certainly appropriately dressed for their wedding."

"How so?"

"She wore a changeable silk, and he had on a check suit."—Baltimore American.

People of the World.
According to an Italian every person in the world could stand comfortably in an area of 800 square miles, while a graveyard about the size of Colorado would bury all of them.

Doubt indulged becomes a doubt realized. To determine to do anything is half the battle. Courage is victory; timidity is defeat.—Nelson.

Registration Day, Tuesday, February 2, 1915. Primaries Tuesday, February 23, 1915. Polls open from 6 a. m. to 5 p. m.



VOTE FOR

☒ **Oscar DePriest**

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OF THE 2nd WARD

Endorsed by the Regular 2nd Ward
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First Opportunity for the Public to See This NEW,
MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE. Admission 50 cts.

Colonial Costumes optional with guests.

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COAXING THE FURNACE.

Try Gentleness and the Uplift and Kindly, Soothing Words.

Treat your furnace kindly. Let your watchwords as a furnace tender be gentleness and uplift. Be firm with your furnace, but always gentle. Some persons imagine that the way to make a furnace behave properly is to first shake it violently and then mail the life out of the remaining coals with the poker. They try chastisement when they should try gentleness and uplift and only succeed in packing the coal harder and destroying ventilation, the secret of successful furnace tending.

Nothing responds more readily to uplift than does a furnace fire. When in the early morning you wish to arouse the furnace fire from its slumbers, you should first shake it gently, then gently tickle the ribs of the grate with the poker to make ventilation more perfect and then crack the top crust with a lever-like uplifting use of the poker. In a minute the fire will be wide awake and in good humor, laughing and sticking out its tongues of flame at you in merriment.

Never swear at your furnace, no matter how it annoys you. That will make it sulky and obstinate. You never saw a furnace which was sworn at often which was not frequently sulky and obstinate. Now, did you? It is advisable to take the directly opposite tack. I know a man who always addresses his furnace as "sweetheart" or "darling," and he assures me the plan works to perfection. "Maybe it doesn't really make the furnace warm up the way it seems to," he frankly admits. "Maybe the mere suggestion just keeps me from losing my temper and hammering my fire to pieces. But, anyway, the results are excellent. Savvy?"—Lee Shippey in Judge.

Aisle on the Car in a Wreck.
A veteran railroad man gave a piece of valuable advice not long ago.

"If you ever get into a wreck," he said, "and have time to follow out this suggestion, remember this: Always stand in the aisle. Most of the injuries that are suffered occur because the victim is crushed between the seats. If you are in the aisle you may be thrown forward and bruised a little, but there is much less chance of receiving serious hurts. It isn't always possible to get out of your seat before the crash comes, but if it is follow that advice."—Pittsburgh Press.

Dome of the Rock.
The name "Dome of the Rock" is one that has been conferred on the celebrated mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem. It stands on Mount Moriah, on the site once occupied by the temple of Solomon. Immediately under its dome an irregular shaped rock projects above the pavement. This rock was the scene of many Scriptural events and has been greatly revered for ages by Jews and Mohammedans.

Tools, Not Toys.
Flimmer—Met Umson downtown today. He'd just bought a tin horn, a triangle, some blocks, a rattle box, some sleigh bells and a popgun. I didn't know he had a baby. Flammer—He hasn't. He's a vaudeville trap drummer. Those things are part of his outfit.—Puck.

They Were Not.
A young clergyman, small of stature, preaching as a candidate in a certain place one Sabbath, peering over the pulpit Bible, announced as his text: "It is I. Be not afraid."

Arab Horse Test.
A good horse, according to an Arab test, is one that can stand perfectly erect upon his legs when drinking from a shallow pool.

As we grow less young the aged grow less old.—Bacon.

First Steps in English.
The police in Calcutta caught a native coming out of a shop early in the morning and arrested him on suspicion. The man had on the previous evening concealed himself inside the shop and had employed the time until morning in fitting himself with a complete suit of clothes, including a white shirt, with studs and links, a red tie, carefully put on, black socks, a pair of patent leathers, watch and chain, handkerchief, pocket knife, straw hat and cane. He even went the length of writing his name inside the hat. On being arraigned before a magistrate he gave the queerest excuse imaginable. He said that he wanted to learn English and, as a preliminary step, thought it best to dress like an Englishman.

What He Wanted.
Arthur H. Engelbach in his collection of anecdotes of the bench tells this story about Lord Braxfield, who was among the last of the Scotch judges who rigidly adhered to the broad Scotch dialect.

"Ha'e ye any counsel, mon?" he said to Maurice Margot when placed at the bar.

"No," was the reply.

"Do ye want to ha'e any appointment?" continued the judge.

"No," said Margot. "I only want an interpreter to make me understand what your lordship says."

JAPANESE COURT TRIALS.

The Judges, Not the Lawyers, Question the Witnesses.

The defendant in a Japanese court was testifying in his own behalf. He stood directly in front of the presiding judge, not ten feet distant from him, and answered his questions in a clear voice, without any apparent hesitation. The judge seemed conversant with the case, for he put questions rapidly, giving a funny little grunt of acquiescence after every answer. Occasionally one of the associates wrote a suggestion and handed it to the president, and once or twice the defendant's counsel asked the court to put a certain inquiry. The whole proceeding—and the same may be said of those in several other courts I visited—was conducted in a quiet, colloquial way. In every instance I was impressed with the simple, businesslike atmosphere.

Some of the Japanese lawyers with whom I have talked say that they feel that very often the court does not elicit all the facts and that our system of having witnesses questioned by counsel would be better, but, on the other hand, some lawyers maintain that better results are realized by the system, which puts upon the court the duty of getting at the truth, maintaining that the witnesses are more apt to talk frankly to the court than to the lawyer for the opposite side who is engaged, as they think, in trying to make them out liars.

I came away quite favorably impressed with what I saw and wondering whether on the whole in 95 per cent of the cases a decision by three judges trained in the investigation of facts would not be as nearly right as the verdict of twelve citizens casually gathered in from the general community.—George W. Wickersham in Case and Comment.

Boiled Dynamite.
Fifteen to twenty drops is the usual amount of boiled dynamite, or "soup," as it is known among pegmen, used in blowing the average safe. They carry it in a small bottle.

One Consolation.
Console yourself, dear man and brother; whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people.—Lowell.

It is bad luck to pass under a ladder—if it happens to be the ladder of fame.—Life.